

New Feb. 24th 1851

My dear ,

My house is in quiet disorder - Dr. Gray is off to work before 7, does not come home till 6, when we dine - He generally reads aloud to me part of the Evening, & then occupies himself with bundles of duplicates - I think sometimes it would be a pity to have some old, familiar friend to have a little chat with, but I am always busy, always understating more than I can account for, so that I have not time to get home sick - But I think in time shall acquire a great habit, if not taste for solitude - We occasionally diversify it with a trip to London - And about once a week Mrs. Cook comes up stairs, with due solemnity, announces, "Miss Hooker & another lady" & Miss Hooker & Miss Bendish come in & make a call for a few minutes, & about once a week I walk up to West Park, & am similarly announced by John (fat, solemn & dark, in black small clothes & stockings) and about once a week I dine there, on which occasions Dr. Gray instead of going home at 6, comes down stairs to tea, (they dine all, being all invalids) & returns to the study until he comes down to escort me home - The ladies pass the time working & talking - And these are the amounts of my ordinary dissipations - But it seems as if a week ago today people were determined to do something extraordinary - After returning from our attempt to see the Queen, I thought I would see the King when I knew some of the Hookers would come, as it was their dinner time, in a necessary work of the toilette, namely washing my hair - So when I was naturally therefore somewhat in disarray, I heard some one ratched into the sitting-room, & Mrs. Cook came in ^{to the chamber} & said "Mr. Hard!" so I had to make a hasty toilette & go in; he staid some time, & came to ask us over to Colcham today - When he was gone I was making another attempt, when Mrs. Cook brought in a card, & said, "excuse I was busy, she told the lady I was engaged" - Miss Ballet, the lady of the dinner in the dark - Before I had my dress on there was another ushering up stairs, & "Miss Hooker & another lady" so I had to hurry on Cap, paraphernalia, &c. (does it not seem endless, what with belt, pins, collar, &c. when one is in a hurry?) & go in to see them - so that day was quite marked in its experiences.

Tuesday we had been invited to dine with Ben Gray of the British Museum - So I was busy with making some little "variations necessary in some of my finery". The weekly letters came from you, Sue, & from Lizzie - And Dr. Gray got one from Dr. Hyslop containing quite a promising account of students in the Scientific School. - As we meant to take a carriage into London, we proposed to Miss Beustow to drive in with us, to pass the evening with her aunts in London - We had a pleasant drive in, for she is a lively & agreeable companion - We stopped at Dr. Booth's, that I might drop my hood & put on my cap - I was arrayed in the splendor of my new watered silk, low neck & short sleeves, this waist is made with a cape behind coming down like ruffles to a point in front, & bands of ribbon with bows in the middle across the front between ^{the eyes, felt beautifully} - the capes & sleeves are trimmed with two rows of lace, real; don't think me extravagant, but Aunt Lizzie said it must be so, & that the lace would always be useful; & they scorn all imitation in Paris. Then I wore my French head dress, "La Balliere", blk velvet & lace, & a great quantity of drops of loops of narrow fringe silk & blk velvet ribbons, & then over my shoulders I wore a sort of blk thing I got in Geneva, & spotted my new spider with "I looked very pretty"; at least so I think - My heart failed a little as I drew near the door, for I had never seen either guest or hostess, & had no idea who we should meet, but one must push on, & the door was thrown open, & the names loudly announced, "Dr. & Mrs. Gray," & I was always introduced, Sue, as "Miss Gray". There ^{were} Sundry old ladies, no only two when we went in, one in velvet, & but no spare arms & shoulders covered with a lace mantle lined with amber silk, & a green velvet dress, & a cat with pink flowers, & abundance of jewelry - Mrs. ^{was she} Blore, the wife of the architect of the new portion of Buckingham Palace, & Mrs. B. also - By her I sat down - Mrs. Gray was a nice, comfortable looking person in figured black silk, mourning - The other side of the room was Mrs. Rowland Hill, in a rich damask silk, high waist & open sleeves, reasonably round - I am giving a very long account, but it is my first dinner party. I am quite disappointed in the size of the English ladies, I see as many thin people as at home, I am sure - There was of course Mrs. Rowland Hill of cheap postage memory, then a Mr. Marshall of the Bank of England, & some other gentlemen I don't know - Soon arrived "Mr. & Mrs. Smith!" the ^{an} Mr. P. - She was a skeleton! Her dress purple velvet, & high necked lace lilly & Cap à la Marie Stuart, & loose lace sleeves, a very pretty dress - And here they were wonderfully kind in being generally covered - Dinner was on the table at 8 1/2, & after waiting until the last couple "Mr. & Mrs. Brown" were announced, she a famously stout old lady in blk velvet, but with a handsome, sweet face - Mr. Brown was appointed to hand me down to dinner, & I innocently began informing him, as the occasion occurred, how cheap the American Steamers were going to run this

summer - I did not know who "Mr. Brown" was! He quietly remarked he had heard nothing about it. And on my proceeding to enlighten him, he just leaned over to me & said Mr. Brown would be likely to know better than I did - It was not until some time after, I discovered by degrees that it was Brown, of the firm of Brown Shipley & Co. Liverpool, & therefore of course Agent of the "pollin" line! He is also Mr. P. - He had a pleasant time - And the dinner differed not from the fashion of dinner parties with us, except ^{that} in the same course, game, puddings, jellies & pastries, & "sweets," make one course, & are put on at the same time - Mrs. B. shall sit upon the other side of me at dinner, & kindly offered us & tickets to visit the Bank of England. - I must tell you a thing I saw there, left by a gentleman with Mr. Gray to decide what might be the material of the crucifix; it was a cross, Panches long, made of the stem of a fossil palm - the trunk of our animal body was a scan of an animal size, & so singularly distorted as to form a close resemblance to a human trunk; the shoulders, arms, head, & thighs, legs & feet were gold - Above was a scroll with the usual inscription, "Iste, etc. etc." & below the feet a receptacle of gold for the holy water; it was beautiful as well as curious! They said it belonged to the unfortunate Duchess of Praslin & there were two sweet marble busts on the corn by some English sculptor after names Mrs. Smith took me under her charge until the gentlemen came, & such a talker! I could only drive straight ahead, & am afraid I was not sufficiently impressed with her eloquence, her enthusiasm, her benevolence, & her courage! nor by the way either, that she looked at me with her great black eyes. Am I very wicked? - When at last she was gone Mrs. Brown kindly came over & sat down by me - She had a sweet face! - At length our carriage was announced; & after picking up Miss Beustow, we had a pleasant drive back to New in the moonlight! But I have pretty much decided not to try to go in to London parties again while at New - One cannot conveniently go in dressed in the mountains or rail-road, & a carriage is very expensive, to say nothing of the trouble of a 10 miles drive before & after - For an evening party it is quite out of the question; for one does not think of going till after 10 or 11, and they keep them up, dances especially, immendously late - Until 4, 5, or even 8! - Mrs. B. arrived! - When we got home, which was sometime after 11, Dr. Gray had to be my femme-de-chambre in getting me out of my dress, as well as in dressing & getting me in - I believe he was half an hour fastening it, when I said it was laced behind; & what with strings, & hooks, & the lacing, which he said was exactly like sewing surpise fashion, & the business (he was he went to work, & the puzzle when laced Ben to lighten it, for it did not meet very readily being new & a little tight, & then the "mysters" what to do with the end of the lacing, are both felt no ordinary task was achieved. ^{at last} was dressed - and I am sure neither he nor could undergo a frequent recurrence

Feb. 29 -

I must tell you a story Mr. Brown told, of Sir Charles Napier who is an Admiral, because they say it is so very characteristic. It seems they have made a good deal of stir about a large quantity of gun powder, which they found was stored near Liverpool - Mr. Brown wrote to Sir Charles saying where this powder was, & asking, as he had been at the site of here & could therefore somewhat judge, what would be the effect on a vessel of the ignition of 500 tons there - Sir Charles wrote back in answer "My dear sir, it would blow you all to the devil; now no more further I cannot say - Yours truly, C. Napier" (Sir Charles quietly remarked they could do no further so rare words!) Mr. Brown in answer soon afterwards, said he should like a letter from him which he could read in the house, as he wished to bring the matter up - Sir Charles asked to see the letter he had written before, & on Mr. Brown's handing it, "Oh," said he, "read that - it will do very well!"

The Wednesday I believe was on it marked to take word from Miss Hooker & another lady - Thursday I went with her so call before 1, & Miss Hooker would not let me go out & I must stay till lunch, though I told her I had some letters to write for the Post - Miss Wenslow proposed walking down with me, & was to borrow her key for the private gate to the ardens - As we drew near our lodgings the dock struck 4.30, & I then knew I could not get my letters in by "the back door" - I thought it as well to put it off till next day, & enjoy the walk with Miss W. we had a nice walk over the gardens together & into the great stove but I did to make some botanical names - Friday was as usual & indeed had a Dr. Gray brought back a doleful account at night; Miss Hooker was in her room with a severe cold, coughing & eating, & Lady H. & Mrs. Saturday I went up to see how they were & found Miss Weston out, at West Hill as I was returning, & walked to West Hill with her the invalids here & in the evening; but I did not in good manner cold, & found in the evening, for the wind was cold & sharp; the windows & closed at night - Dr. Gray went to London to Church, & returned with Prof. Cooke, who came down to see the afternoon & dine with us that a great little row he was of making little exclamations & adorns to himself all the time - We told us one of his adjectives which included us not a little - Sunday last week she dined with the Geological Society - Some great man is present, & was at the head with Sir Charles Lyell on one side, & many other learned men round, Sedgwick, &c. Cooke was in a corner seated next to the astronomer, talking quietly with him, he suddenly heard as a burst, "some compliment to the scientific man of America, & their consultations on having me present, indeed Cooke! where was he getting away, he must get up & make a speech! before all the great men & some outside!" - Before Cooke left we had made an agreement to meet in town Wednesday we had a ticket admission to

the Bank of England - and we had a ticket admitted the same number
 is the Queen's Messengers so we agreed to join ours - I had written so that
 what asking him is guilty in mind offer, (think of the bold faced thing)
 & had had a very little answer. My cold was so heavy & sore,
 that as it looked dangerous I gave up all idea of going to Hapham, & staid
 quietly at home. Imagine me as in days some 9 years ago, with mouth
 open, swollen lips & nose of a pious red, & eyes streaming, & feeling as Charles
 cant said, that my brain was as empty as a barrel in Dorfield. The
 dear woman not for the day, & you have a picture of your sweet sister.
 48th my visit to Hapham in the evening, & I was solitary from 9 till 11 1/2 P.M.
 Tuesday morning brought me such a rich bundle of letters from you
 dear Sue, from Charles, from John, & pleasure rare from Doctor - I am
 afraid, & rather, I had not let you off from writing to me if you wrote
 such beautiful letters! But now one miles a thing, & then the next
 steamer brings a report for it. Thank you me for the list of passengers -
 in matter if they are safe, & safe them - Your note shall go in an letter
 to Dr. Waring today but the postage need not trouble you, for it will
 all come within my 2s. which goes for a penny! I wish indeed I could
 visit a weekly meeting. But was it possible some they are not on the same
 day. For I fear I can never persuade this man of mine to give two Eggs
 with his Cambridge engagements too. And we are not yet so educated
 that I can travel about alone coming. Thank you, Charlie, for the politics,
 for we do not get our Travellers very regularly, they are often missed,
 and we do not care to keep on when our year's subscription is up. I am
 sorry Mr. Bowen is rejected. But I cannot feel so sorry as if I did not
 feel he had reaped somewhat as he has sowed, & that the world may
 see that a bitter spirit does us man himself harm. - But I am sorry
 for him, particularly for I suppose the pecuniary loss is great to him. And
 I believe he does not carry his world day spirit into private life, but is
 there kind & generous. As for the saints who did it I have very little
 respect for them, or indeed for any political party just now - I should
 be in despair did I judge of the war things were managed by the
 political ^{parties} with their mutual abuse, misrepresentation, prejudice, un-
 fairness & deceipt. But I see that on the whole things go on well, & on
 the whole advance in honesty, justice, fairness, & I take hope in a bet-
 ter future & a moral reform in the political world. There is one point
 in which they have decidedly the advantage of us in England. They are
 vastly more tolerant of political differences. People are as good friends

single easily in private, though they may be ever so widely separated
in public. And they seem to be able to respect each other's differences,
to think a man may be mistaken, but not necessarily a rogue a mere
political demagogue, because he differs from them. I have seen with real
pleasure this mutual difference & mutual respect, & longed for a
little of it with us, where if a man differs from you politically, he is
blackened all over, & one cannot expect anything but bad from him.
We need to learn with us more than any other social virtue I think,
that people can conscientiously, patiently, righteously differ in religion
& politics. And one sees when away what foreigners mean by our want
of toleration, and the tyrannies of party spirit.

I am very glad to hear that you are working so hard, very hard. And now soon
I am to hear Aunt Kelly's family have had so much sickness! It
seems so strange to hear it is so cold with you. When I walked in the
park yesterday aft. they were cutting the grass!
yesterday morn. my cold was much better, so at 10 o'clock Dr. Gray & I took
our way to the R. R., where we met Miss Wenslow, who brought a favorable
report of the invalids, though neither of them are yet down stairs it was one
of the coldest days we have had. Not frosty, but such a raw, cold wind, like
one of our chilly, dismal, North-east winds, only drier, & then say these east
winds are common in England in the Spring of seed shall not realize
the one beautiful Spring of our life which I have looked upon this
year as being me. He took a fly from Waterloo Station to the Bank.
When is a lady like a trout? - When she takes a fly to go to the Bank!
There we met Cook, & while Dr. Gray went in to get the ticket, we walked
W. & down looking for the Harde, who had promised Dr. Gray Sunday?
He join us; presently they came, Ann & Maria. - And now I must promise
that the Bank is one of the most interesting places I have seen, &
that if any of you come abroad you must go & see the Bank. And
that there was an immense deal of wonderful machinery, but how
it worked & why it did it, I cannot tell, I like to see machinery, its beauti-
ful finish & parts, its certain production, its wonderful perfection. It
seems as if it were a thing of life, its undulating, constant labour, all
delight me. But I never understand it, I look at it as I would at
the wonderful effects of Magic & fairy power, it is as mysterious, except that
I know some friends can solve it. So first we saw the printing
the printing of the bank notes. - The paper is made purposely, each note

has its own mark; they are counted out in certain numbers & given to the
printers. I should ^{think} there were a dozen presses side by side in a long room,
& as each note is struck the press itself registers it in a locked case
at the side of the room. So that a man cannot strike off a note
that is not registered. - Then they go into another room to receive
the date & number, & the machine itself changes the number every
time. - Thus I saw them with its own working the great ~~machine~~ ^{only} ~~much~~ ^{is} ~~two~~
For each note is a different number, so that with the number & date of
a note, you can trace it through the bank for 10 years. Then we went
down stairs where the book binding is done, everything is done on the premises,
but making the paper. Then where they printed certificates, each number
changed again by machinery. - Then to see the steam engine which does
the whole work, & then the boiler. - The furnace is worth seeing, or a
simple contrivance which saves a man's care of it all day, the hopper
above is filled with coals in the morning, & by a simple machinery
feeds the fire itself, occasionally dropping a few coals, & that it may
be evenly distributed. The furnace, ^{or fire} is made to revolve slowly. - In the
yard we saw the great place where every year they burn the notes issued
10 years ago, it is of brick laid with open spaces, 12 feet & more in diameter,
& 10 or 12 high. A great wire cage encloses it. - It takes two days to burn it -
when full, & I don't know how many times full they burn it. - The
notes once brought back are never reissued. They are cancelled, reg-
istered in books, which when filled are placed in the "library", & the
piles of notes each day received, are tied in bundles, stored in the
library, & after ten years as I said before, burned. - We went into the
room where these operations are performed, & then down into the
room below where we saw the large before notes. I saw nothing more
many 100,000 pounds - all within a room, the yesterday morning, of some
them, a fortune! He saw some of the first bank notes struck, kept as a
curiosity - 100 - And some notes, now nothing for 1,000,000 £. Then
we went to the Pullin vaults. In the office room there were wadding
American dolls by shreds full. And great waddles were there of silver melted
up. Then in vaults were low trucks on heavy iron rails filled with masses
of gold stamped like bricks, each brick worth 5,000 £ 8s, so heavy! I shifted one -
then round the walls little bags of gold piled up, gold, gold, gold! - Then we
went up stairs to the treasury, where is kept the money so far out for circu-

lation - The room was lined with ready m^d. paper from floor to ceiling, & filling
up the columns in shew are no to hold in my hand a package
of 5,000 notes worth £100,000 - short lived riches though! A surly old gentle-
man showed the specie & invited us to take as much as we could
carry; one bag containing ^{1,500} 5,000 was as much as I could lift, but he asked
Nicks hard if she could not carry two, & begged her to call some other
day - As we went out he said, "it was a bad place to come to; we could not
invite our friends to take anything; must send them away as they came!"
Each case has two locks with different keys, & no one person can go to
them alone - Then we went to a room where they weigh the Sovereigns,
& most ingenious little machines, being fed from a trough from which
they drop in, weighs ^{each} ~~the~~ Sovereign as it falls, puts the heavy ones on one side,
& the light ones, be they light the hundredth of a grain, are thrown aside -
Then we went through great rooms filled with clerks where the various
kinds of business are transacted - Indeed it was a wonderful place,
& worth a journey to see - And I am afraid my sketch is miserably
imperfect -

When we left we took an omnibus to Piccadilly, & then walked to the
New which are directly behind Buckingham Place. As we went in, we
saw two state carriages with blk. robes by the attendants, & one with
cream colored horses for the Queen, just leaving the gates to take the
Queen to the river at St. James. They were gorgeous with gilding &
mountains of silk. The crown raised high on each corner, & the horses
harnessed was very heavy & covered with gilding, & the coachmen were
perfect rascals - shaven with their curled wigs, & old lace on their
coats, & their stockings, & small clothes - and the footmen shined
also in their hats. The Queen always has cream colored horses
on state occasions, & their harness is red surroces with gilt ornaments,
the black horses, black leather & gilt - We had met two Sheriff's carriages
in the City, going, I suppose, to carry some Sheriff to the coroner, &
they were introduced as I passed quite out of place with all their
sterny in the sunnier air & crowded streets. But I must wait
for another letter to give an account of the circus which means stable
as it is too late to take another sheet - So with kisses to the children,
all round I am most lovingly, Jane -

Patrick: forgive me that I did not before thank you for your nice note.